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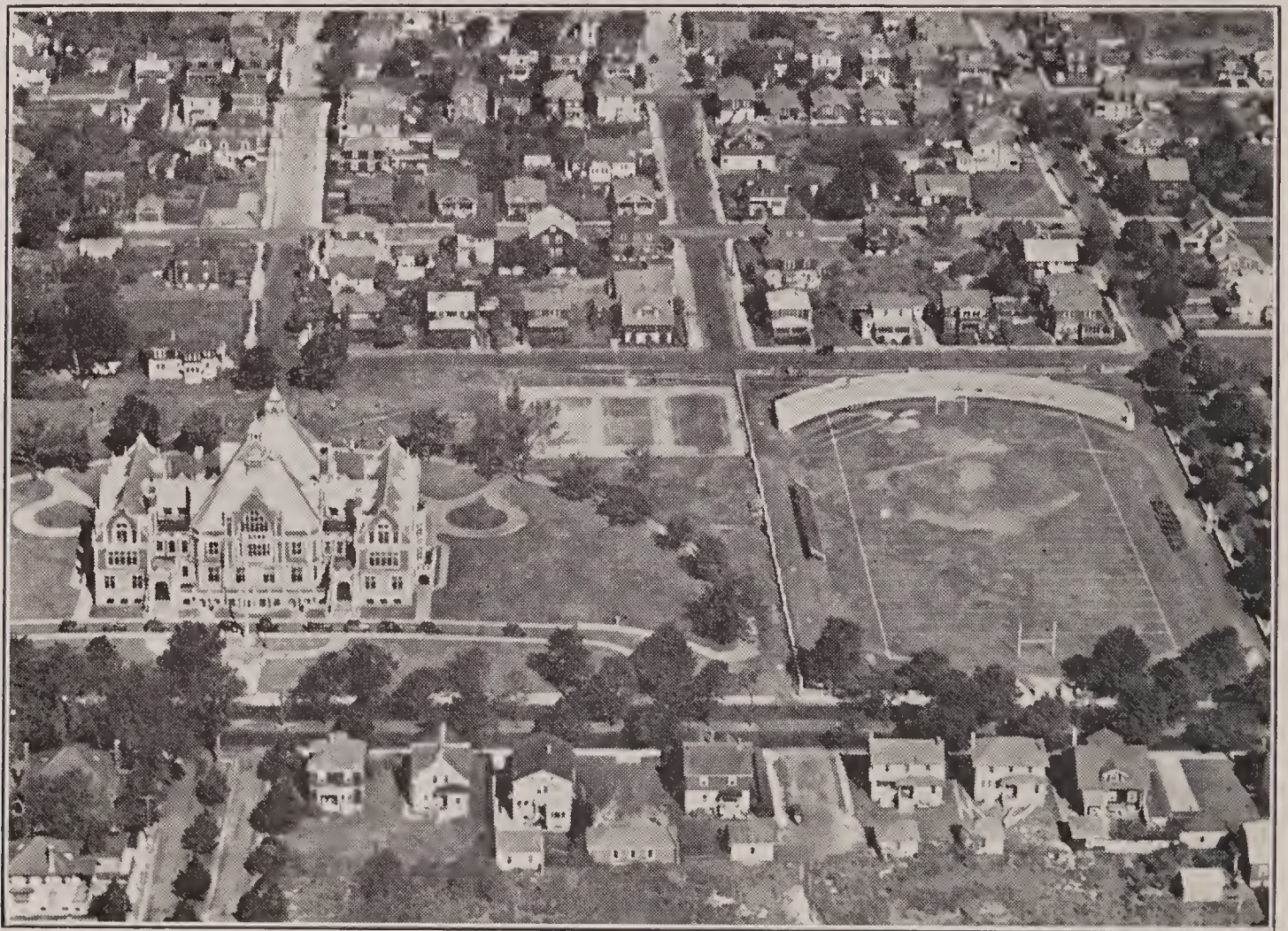
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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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November

Brown leaves on a dry ground,
Red sun reflected on the windows of a distant house,
Gaunt limbs against a grey sky,
Whistling boys,
Barking and frisking dogs,
The Rah! Rah! of a cheering section,
Blue and red rivalling on the gridiron.
Children with school books under their arms,
Matrons in bright clothing,
Wind blowing leaves in a gale down the street,
White sails on a ribbon of silver-gray sea,
A few stray, white flakes,
Flash before the eye.
Christmas lists just starting,
(Oh, you early bird)
Fire leaping in grotesque shapes,
Soft candle light and music,
It is November.

Ida Withee, '33.

The Tale of the "Female Stranger"

The following story I heard while in Alexandria, and it relates only historical facts.

The historic city of Alexandria, Virginia, situated eight miles from Washington, contains many famous buildings and is filled with stories of the past and present. This odd, quaint city is pervaded with an air of romance; its houses, dating back to Colonial times, fire the imagination with pictures of diplomats and fine ladies; its unique, old-fashioned streets beckon the adventurous to follow their courses and explore their twistings and turnings. Among the more noted buildings such as Christ's Church and the renowned Carlyle and Marshall Houses, is Gadsby's Tavern, in the early nineteenth century accounted the foremost hostelry in America. Here was enacted the short, yet tragic and mysterious drama of the "Female Stranger."

On December 29, 1812, Theodosia Burr Alston set sail on the schooner "Patriot", bound from Charleston to New York. She was the daughter of Aaron Burr, at that time in public disfavor, and she was broken in health and spirit by the shame he had brought upon his family. Before her marriage she had graced the social circles of Washington and Philadelphia, and afterward had dominated the society of Charleston. She was brilliant, beautiful and talented.

For weeks, news of the schooner was anxiously awaited, but there ensued only suspense and silence. No authentic word ever revealed her fate. Did she founder? Was she blown out to sea? Or, more to be dreaded, had she been attacked and scuttled by pirates? There was at that time an especially savage band of these sea rovers under Jean Lafitte, whose stronghold was in the islands at the mouth of the Mississippi. When word of the disaster reached the United States, it was surmised that the beautiful Theodosia had been carried south, by pirates, to the Caribbean, and for many years hope for her ultimate return persisted.

This hope had grown dim by September, 1816, and a newer mystery intrigued the South—that of a lovely incognito who had arrived in Alexandria—a heavily-veiled lady who came ashore from a packet with a male companion. They went directly to Gadsby's Tavern and there took rooms without divulging their identity. The lady did not lift her veil; the man did not tell their names. There they remained for nearly a month, concealed well from the eyes and gossip of Alexandria—one of them never to reappear alive!

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Despits the skill of a local physician who never saw her face, the mysterious stranger died with no one the wiser as to whom she really was. She was given burial in St. Paul's cemetery and on her tombstone appears this epitaph:

To the memory of a
Female Stranger
Whose Mortal Sufferings Terminated
on the 11th Day of October, 1816
Aged 25 years, 8 months.

For some years a sum was received annually by St. Paul's for the upkeep of the plot.

The accepted story is that Theodosia, her sorely-tried reason wrecked by fright and terror, had lived on some tropic isle, a pirate's captive. At length she realized her predicament, and she determined to return to her country. It is assumed that the long journey brought on the illness which caused her sudden debarkation at the Virginia City.

This romance, unsupported by even the slimmest clue, is fed by fancy and rumor and still clings to the scene of the stranger's veiled entry and her melancholy departure. Theodosia's age would have been thirty-three, not twenty-five. But if it is not she, who does lie in the nameless grave at St. Paul's and where rests the lost daughter of Aaron Burr?

Anne Clark, '32.

Sir Jolly Roger Rum

Out on the shining shimmering sea
Jolly Roger Rum did shout with glee
For had he not this very day
Put bullion in his hold, to stay
Aye! stay it did, but alas, alack
Sir Jolly Roger ne'er got it back.

One day a wind came from the south
Which closed for e'er Jolly Roger's mouth
It blew the waves, until they bossed
Sir Roger's boat which pitched and tossed,
On to the north the gale blew hard
And tossed his ship just like a card.

The helmsman steered he knew not where
So long as Safety met them there
But Safety protected more than these
Who were at the mercy of the rolling seas
And they sailed on, and nearly won
But with land in sight eternity did come.

The helmsman saw a rock loom high
And tried to get the old ship by
But a gust of wind and one huge wave
Carried the boat, and there, the brave
Jolly Roger Rum did make his grave
That bold, bad villain, blackguard, knave.

And then the ship, of the pirate bold
Was left on the rock to break and mould
The bullion still as said before
Is in the hold, for evermore
And under it with bones so numb
Lies the skeleton of Roger Rum.

Ricordo Holt, '36.



The Junior High School

Few realize what a great asset the new addition to the High School is to our town. Some taxpayers have the idea that it is a foolish waste of money. But the pupils in both schools could, I am sure, easily overcome this opinion. Let us see what points would be brought out to emphasize the usefulness of our new Junior High.

First, there is the convenience of its situation. It is accessible to pupils in both the north and south of Fairhaven.

Next we might mention the large and beautiful auditorium the school contains. Its stage is very roomy and the seats are numerous. It will be more desirous for certain occasions than the Town Hall.

Then let us notice the improvements in the typewriting, printing, and drawing departments. These are very evident when the new quarters are compared with the crowded and uncomfortable rooms formerly occupied in the High School.

With these facts before us, young Fairhaven is indeed fortunate in having a Junior High School.

Helen Sheard, '33.

Fairhaven High School's Contribution

Fairhaven, though a small town, has its unemployed and needy. Fairhaven High School is doing all in its power to aid these unfortunates. In the first place, it is giving ten per cent of its gate receipts of every football game to the poor; ten per cent of the profit on all dances, and parties, et cetera. The erecting of an addition to the High School was also a wonderful help to those men who are out of work and in need of funds to feed and clothe their families.

And we are sure that if there is any other way in which we can aid the unemployment situation, in Fairhaven or elsewhere, Fairhaven High School will find that way.

Jack Leonard, '33.

Thoughts about Edison

Sitting by the radio, listening to my favorite program, I was startled and somewhat annoyed to hear a pause in the midst of it. Wondering, I listened, and it wasn't long before the voice of the announcer came across the air with the news of Thomas A. Edison's death. I thought it odd that such a good program should be halted to announce the passing of the aged inventor, but then, after more careful concentration, I realized the foolishness of such a thought. One after another his numerous contributions to the comfort of humanity flashed across my mind.

His greatest tribute, the electric lamp, came first. Without it, the radio program to which I had been listening so earnestly, would have been impossible. The comfortable chair in which I was sitting also was an indirect product of his labors, as, without the aid of electric lighting, it would have been much inferior and not perfected to so high a degree. The newspaper that I was looking at contained an advertisement for a current movie. Had it not been for Edison's diligent research, moving pictures would probably never have been discovered.

My glance then fell on our family phonograph. Dusty, unpolished, it stood there in the corner, a mute reminder of the good times we had enjoyed with it before the advent of radio. Again, that immortal name loomed before me. Hadn't Edison invented the forerunner of the modern radio, which is fast becoming extinct? Directly above the radio, there was a framed portrait, a summer scene. In this picture were clouds, clover, golden rod, and other typical country foliage. What earthly connection could there be between that and Edison? Then, in a flash, it dawned upon me. Had he not spent the last years of his wonderful life in search of a substitute for rubber through golden-rod? True, he had not accomplished this, but it was mostly thru his tireless efforts and computations that eventually success was obtained.

Edison was responsible for many more inventions, all useful, but the aforementioned stand more conspicuously than the rest. It is but just to say that in losing him, America has lost one of her greatest sons; and the world, her greatest benefactor.

Aram Belanger, '32.

The Honor Student in Football

The day of brute strength on the football field is over. The flying wedge and interlocked interference has gone with it. The game, as played today, demands a superior type of fellow who can think and execute at the same time. It was the saying of coaches in days gone by that the dumber a person was in school subjects the better player he'd be on the gridiron. In those days a player wasn't supposed to think; the coach was hired for that.

Football has been developed to such a degree by Knute Rockne that it is now played from the shoulders up. In place of the by-gone star comes a greater star, who not only shines on the gridiron but also in his classes. The luminites of today are smaller but shiftier, smarter and faster. Now they play heads up football, made possible by concentrated study in the class room which developed their brain and made it possible for them to think. A player also has to think while on defense because of the many trick plays used on him. Without the ability to think a boy might just as well hang his suit up on a nail and quit; because he will never go any farther than he is now on the gridiron.

John Broadland, '32

The New Cover Design

The new cover design on our Huttlestonian is worthy of mention. There were many competitors on this project in the art class, and ideas were numerous. John Plant, who worked hard and willingly on a cover, submitted a modernistic design which was chosen as "the one." The design is more than artistic; it is representative. The large central figure personifies business and industry. In the foreground, the model of the High School, and in the background the gray tower, symbolizes knowledge. These two when taken together become a reflection of knowledge upon business and industry of today. The editorial staff, appreciates the time and effort expended on this undertaking, and congratulates Mr. Plant.

Ellen Jennings, '32.

DEPARTMENT NOTES

ATHLETICS

The Fairhaven Spirit

It has been said that man is a rational animal. The observation seems to be that he is influenced more by his emotions than by his mind. Opinion tends that emotions of the right are very important factors in the lives of young men, and decidedly influence their success.

In any school where gloom, pessimism, skepticism, despair, hatred, swelled-headedness, egotism and other negative emotions are given free reign, the spirit cannot be wholesome. The unhealthy results of such an environment are reflected in its athletic teams, though there is no doubt that such an atmosphere has a decidedly deterring effect on the work of every student in the school.

When we speak of "Fairhaven Spirit" what do we mean? To one who has had contact with it or has been under its influence, it will never be forgotten. Joy, hope, enthusiasm, normal confidence, faith, and the willing ecstasy of duty done well and fairly, are ever present around our School. These are reflected more in athletic contests, because of their nature, than in any other activity.

The School is confident of its teams—it is behind its team to a man—every student fights just as hard as any member of the team. Yet they are courteous to visitors, and every student takes it upon himself to treat a visiting athlete just as though he were a guest in his own home.

That most base emotion — hatred — does not enter into our athletic contests. Instead, the spirit is one of exhilaration in joy of a contest well fought between men.

If we win we brag a little, but not much. If we lose we buck up and shut up, principally the latter. A Fairhaven man may be down but he is never out, and that spirit of hope and determination to succeed is typical of F. H. S. You will find it present to some degree in every man who has been fortunate enough to attend our School or has played on our teams.

We can keep this if you will do your bit.

Coach.

Hockey in the Future

Formerly Fairhaven High School always turned out four good hockey teams and there was much keen competition between them. This year, however, there are many changes not only in the teams but in the field itself. Instead of the northern field, where last year at this time there could be found many girls learning the fundamentals of hockey, there is a building which is known as the high school addition. Due to the fact that the Freshmen, who are in the addition, have not started gym yet, this year there are but three hockey teams to compete for the class championship. This gives the upper classes an advantage, for without the Freshmen they have much more time to spend on brushing up on the rules of the game. Since the origin of hockey at Fairhaven High, this is the first year that there has not been a Freshman hockey team.

When school started in September, it was thought that the girls would have hockey only in their gym classes. Later, Coach Dunn kindly offered to let the girls have the football field one afternoon a week, to be devoted to hockey. This, of course, greatly limits the time for practice which the girls previously have been accustomed to having. However, they seize every opportunity for bettering their game, and when the football team has secret practice, the girls have a chance to use the field. Because of the late start in hockey this year, each class will play two or three games at the most and these inter-class games are played on Friday afternoons. Often a group of girls may be found on the west bleachers watching football practice, and who knows but next year there will be girl's football teams instead of hockey teams. If this should happen, there would probably be many out for it.

Natalie Lowe, '33.

L'Ecole de Village

An original composition, uncorrected, written by Miss Shaw after six weeks study of French.

L'école de village a deux petites salles. Les enfants sont à travailler dans une salle.

Le jeune maître est debout derrière son pupitre, les mains dans les poches.

Il porte un complet gris, une chemise blanche et une cravate noire et blanche.

Il veille par ses lunettes le petit garçon au tableau. Le petit garçon a un morceau de craie jaune à la main et écrit un problème d'algèbre.

Les enfants à leurs pupitres écrivent sur du papier avec des crayons, quelques une d'encre.

Ils sont occupés à leurs leçons et ne remarquent pas le garçon au tableau.

La salle a un grand fenêtré près le tableau.

Sont deux portes dans la salle, une grande et une petite.

Sur le pupitre du maître il y a huit livres, un encrier, règle, plume, crayon, buvard, brosse et une clochette.

Sur le plancher près son pupitre est un panier de papier plein de papier.

Ils tout s'amuse faire leur leçons et elle est un jolie et content salle.

Lillian Shaw, '34.

Le Petit Chien Aventurier

"Gratte! Gratte! Bow Wow!" Nous avons un visiteur tous les matins. Ce visiteur est un petit chien qui s'appelle "Pat." Il donne au monde beaucoup d'expériences excitantes.

Ce chien aime tant l'école, qu'il veut venir après que tout le monde est couché.

Un soir bien tard, Madame Lawton, qui demeure en haut dans l'école arrive à la maison du théâtre, pour trouver un petit chien, qui l'attendait Elle fait de son mieux pour le garder en dehors. Mais comme ce chien-ci est très petit, il vint à entrer. Il court dans l'école, où il fait si noir, que Madame Lawton ne peut pas le trouver. Elle appelle son mari, qui était couché. Il descend et commence à chercher le chien. Il le trouve et il le met dehors.

Cette anecdote prouve qu'il y a un petit chien qui aime l'école.

Helen Rogers, '34.

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"How often we see our secretaries and stenographers, in our offices and other business men's offices, all over the world waste hours of precious time — for that is what it amounts to in the course of days, months, and years — in throwing over the carriage on their machines. The best known lost movement is in putting in the papers and taking them out of the machines, and nine times out of ten having to remove the papers again, especially in the case of putting them in again. Sometimes I wonder if, when at home, my stenographers do everything as slowly, wastefully, and deliberately.

"How it "grates" me to see my secretary manipulate her marginal stops for minutes at a time to get, needlessly more often than not, one hundredth of an inch further in on her margins. Let me give you an estimate of the time I have seen a stenographer take:

Inserting paper—one minute.

Marginal stops—one minute and a half.

Tabular keys—one half minute.

Miscellaneous spacing—from one half to one minute.

"In every office there are the horse breeder's family, at least I should imagine they had been around horses all their lives to hear their typewriter's uneven "clippetty clop." I don't wonder that business men grow old young. This unevenness is brought on by haste, and as the old proverb goes, "Haste makes waste" both in valuable

Continued on page 36

History of Mathematics

Odd as it may seem, there is no universally-accepted definition of the word "mathematics." Philosophers and mathematicians have cast about for two thousand years in a search for such a definition but have met with little success. Whenever the ordinary person thinks of mathematics, he sees a confused jumble of numbers and figures popping up before his eyes, and seldom realizes the important role those same numbers play in his life. We would be unable to construct buildings, bridges, tunnels, et cetera of such considerable size as have made their appearances recently, without the aid of those little, insignificant figures that seem to bother and worry so many of us.

An Egyptian priest, Ahmes (1700 B. C.), was the first writer of a document to be of any importance to mathematics. His book was entitled "Directions for Knowing All Dark Things." It gave a series of problems in measurements, and contents of barns et cetera, and also the answers, but failed to show how the results were obtained in the majority of cases.

The Babylonians copied the Egyptian ideas and applied them to astronomy, but the real beginning of mathematics was in Greece in the founding of the Ionian school of Thales (600 B. C.). Pythagoras, famous for his theorem, next founded a school in Italy and originated a theory of numbers there. The development of geometry was characteristic of this first period in the growth of mathematics. Progress was rapid and in 300 B. C. the Alexandrian school where Euclid taught and Archimedes was a student was formed. The first value for the ratio between the circumference of a circle and its diameter was three. This ration (II), as used by Ahmes, was three. 1604; Archimedes used $3\frac{1}{7}$. There were many other noted Greeks, but Diophantus, the founder of algebra, and Hero, to whom we are indebted for Hero's formula, were the most notable after Christ. Rome contributed practically nothing to mathematics.

Now begins the second period in which arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry were created. Development of the art was increasing steadily in the East. A Hindu, Aryabhatta (600 A. D.) was the first mathematician here. He possessed a great knowledge of the theory of numbers, algebra, and even of the first principles of trigonometry. A century later Brahmagupta made his appearance and advanced algebra and made calculations on the mensuration of solids that were far in

advance of his predecessors. It was among the Hindoos that our present system of arabic numerals (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.) was originated and spread (through the Arabs, for whom they are named) to Europe. If you doubt the value of these numerals, take a simple multiplication and write and solve it in Roman numerals (for instance, XVII X XII=?). The first system of Arabic numerals was as follows:



The Arabs taught and applied the Hindu Knowledge but originated nothing themselves.

The Renaissance now appeared and mathematics developed greatly. The Italian Algebraists now solved the cubic and biquadratic equations and, except for the symbolism suggested by Desiartes, algebra was now complete. This suggestion was made in 1650 and, when this was done, algebra was in the same form that we are familiar with today.

About this time a revival in interest in geometry was felt. Descartes and Fermat now laid the foundation of analytic geometry; with this the third and last period began. This period is the period of modern mathematics in which the development of analysis and the application of mathematics to the other sciences occurred. The theory of logarithms, discovered by Mapier, and the modern theory of numbers were evolved and became generally known.

The seventeenth century marks the close of the period of development of elementary mathematics. In this century Newton introduced his fluxional calculus and Leibnity brought out his differential calculus. These two, considered today as one and the same thing, completely revolutionized mathematics. The eighteenth century was devoted to investigating the foundations of this new analysis. Substitution, surface, curve, complex numbers et cetera developed at this time also.

Lagrange, Laplan and Gauss are the masters of modern analysis. The names of the men who, within the last century, have applied and furthered mathematics are too numerous to list here.

We have seen how the mathematical genius of the world has shifted from one country to another. Today it rests in Germany through the efforts of Steinmitz and Einstein. Each change has marked an advance towards success. When and where will the next advance be made?

Roger Silsby, '32.

Introducing John

What! You haven't met John? You simply must meet him, he is really the most extraordinary and fascinating man I have ever met. He is five feet ten inches tall and what a physique! One can hardly believe that this same John, or Jack to some of us, is an escaped convict. By the way, he even has a bullet hole in his sternum. What! You didn't know they allowed escaped convicts in school? Well it's so, he even lives here. In fact he is in one of my classes with me. He doesn't say much, but he's full of action. He is so active he has to be hung up by his head, while his feet dangle and rattle aimlessly in the air. Sometime when we don't want him in class we lock him in a closet. He is a most weird creature, having no muscles, no eyes, no hair, no fingernails, no toe nails; there is not even any skin on him. Perhaps some of you are wondering just what he is made up of, well it's carbonate and Phosphate of Lime. Some afternoon when you have some spare time, pay him a visit. He delights in having visits from the pupils. He is usually outside of the teacher's room or "hanging around" room twelve. Don't let him scare you because after all he looks exactly like all of us will sooner or later. Although I have neglected to tell you, probably you have guessed who it is. You're right, it's our pal, John the Skeleton.

Francis Roos, '33.



Customs of a Spartan Boy

As I watched the boys on the athletic field the other day I was reminded of a Spartan youth. How differently he was trained from our boys today!

When a Spartan boy was born he was taken before a council of old men who examined him. If the baby was found perfect, he would be given back to his mother; if he was imperfect he was taken to a cave in the mountains and left there to die. The mother was allowed to keep the child until the age of seven and then he was taken over by the state and trained for war. The boys suffered many hardships for they went barefoot, both summer and winter, bathed in the cold Eurates, and slept on the reeds gathered by the banks of the river. Sometimes they were scourged, that they might become accustomed to pain. The boys were taught to steal and if they were caught they were punished not for stealing but for the stupidity of getting caught.

What a decided contrast to our modern youth!

Ira Jackson, '35.

Our Heritage

Our lives are like the leaves,
We live and then fall down;
For time is like the autumn wind,
It waits not, for us to frown;
But cuts us from the family tree,
Like plucking petals from the flowers,
The flower cries for the petals gone,
And so our kin weep on and on,
Then, they, likewise fall away,
Leaving our home tree bleak and bare,
This is how our heritage dies,
Thus it goes on everywhere.

Ricordo Holt, '36.

Excerpts from the School Diary

Mundae.

'Twas a bleu dae, bein' mundaе. Elna Pope and Helen Stepson did make a slugestion that we 'ave esculators, insted of walkin' up and down stairs. What fun? We cud all park hour hauttos on the secund floar.

Tuesdy.

Did to ta the fashion show an' everibodi starts comin' out. i rushed in two sea if 'twas a fire or sumpthin 'an 'twas only the Fairhavenites showin' the newest of stlies. Gracious gurls, wat are we comin' two Freks one supozes.

Wensdae.

Was suppozed to tak me musik lecon froam Fredie Andrews but he haz rheumatisrzm frum dauncin' the other nigh'. Who she waz I dunt no. Insted watched the gurls and boys (Aram and Jack) practize there vocal cords out doars. I guess they got throw' froam the jim. Then wen' 'ome and tacked me 'ome lessons.

Thersdy.

Dyd go two the 'all twodae, two here the mass meeting fer the team. Coach Dun ded loak so nize in 'is blew trouzers with the whit stripes dawn the side. One wonders what thay meen.

Lata into Highm's with Jean and Fern to quench hour mouths. Where i ded split everithin all over the gurls, too there disgust. Jean ded say she wood send the bill of repairs to mae muther. I wunder how 'twill git payed.

Fryday.

Went over two the nu buildin, an gott lost. Was loaking fer Mr. Dicky but couldn't fin 'im any whare, bein' so small. Then ded aske some 'charmin' young teacher we're he was but sekes alive, he didn' no ither.

Bak to 'ome building an twa mae disgusk Mr. Dicky was sittin at 'is desk.

Olive Wenstrom, '33.

THE DEVIL BENDER

(A story about a reporter who taught the city editor his own business)

I had been just three weeks on my new job as city editor of the "Herald", when things began to happen. I had some ideas as to how newspaper men should conduct themselves, and I liked to have my men live up to this standard. Today, however, everything began wrong. I had discharged a new man for pulling his fourth "boner" in a week, and had threatened to fire a veteran if he came in an hour late again. Outside my office, a boy was stationed to stop all people wishing to get in. He had been instructed to solicit their names, find out the nature of their visit and then send word to me.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked a chap with a smile as broad as the Atlantic. His eyes were bloodshot and his shabby suit looked for a much needed pressing. It was only easy to guess that his substance had been wasted in a session with John Barleycorn.

He smiled a beaming smile, and said, "My name is Bob Haynes. Have you a hole in your staff that a topnotch man could fill?"

"Sorry Haynes," I growled, "there are too many prima donnas on my staff now."

"Tough luck," he murmured, but intuition seemed to tell me the tough luck was all mine.

He turned to go out, and as he did so, he collided with Mullen, my sports editor.

"Oh hello, Haynes," greeted Mullen, "Did you get on?"

"Not a chance!" was Haynes' swift rejoinder.

The two continued their conversation in low tones; then Mullen handed the gate crasher a yellowback and he departed.

Mullen always got under my skin, and so I wasn't any too cordial as he walked leisurely up to my desk. "Listen here, Nelson," he said, "I hate to see you take a licking. I know this Haynes fellow from experience; he's a devil bender."

"Well, what do you think he will do now?" I asked rather dubiously.

"Do? Why he'll just go over and get a job on the 'News'."

The "News" was another paper in the town with less resources than ours and generally played second fiddle to us.

"He naturally went for the larger pay," continued Mullen, "but he'll take the other position now."

Six times, during the next week, we were scooped on important stories by the "News," and each article was signed, "By Bob Haynes."

I was at my wit's end, for I had been called for a session with the Managing Editor who had said some highly regrettable things. I finally decided to put Hawks, a star reporter to cover Haynes. "Watch him like an eagle at all times, and don't let him out of your sight. Here's fifty dollars for expense money and there's more where that came from when it's gone. Now get out and show me some results."

From then on, I had a detailed report on Haynes' activities. I began to breathe more easily.

That afternoon, the phone rang and Hawks' voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. "Haynes just jumped a taxi, and headed out of town. I followed in my car. Half way to the city limits, he stopped and entered a hardware store, but came right out again with a small package. I inquired in the store as to what he had bought, and was told a half pound of roofing nails had been the extent of the purchase. I picked up his trail again heading into the next city, but we soon began to bump along, and it was then discovered that we had three flats all made by large head nails. While the chauffeur is patching the tires, I'm calling you."

"All right; come back to the office at once," I grunted with disgust.

Twenty minutes later, I heard the paper boys crying a "News" extra. A bank had been robbed in the next city. I was desperate. I tore out clumps of my hair and kicked over my office chair and upset the waste basket, while, as a climax, the scene file fell off the desk spilling its contents about the room like a February snow flurry.

At this point, the door swung open, and an apologetic Western Union boy handed me a telegram. It was from a friend of mine in Kansas City and read, "Fellow travelling to your town by rail Stop Is the famous millionaire, Martin Gold, Stop Arrange an interview."

Here, at last, was my chance to get back at the "News" and Bob Haynes. The previous day, I had imported a splendid reporter named Newton, and I selected him as the man for this job.

"Sure I've heard of this Haynes fellow, but I've never seen him," Newton informed me. "It will be a pleasure to tangle with Him."

"Board the train at the next town, and have him paged, then obtain an interview," said I. "That's all."

A short time later, Newton phoned in, "I've obtained a splendid interview. He was a little "standoffish" at first, but he gave me a fine story when he knew what paper I represented. Said he had much re-

spect for the city editor of the 'Herold.' He even let me take his picture."

Immediately upon Newton's return, I ran to a copy boy and gave him the story, while Newton took the pictures directly to the photographic room to be developed. Many of the fellows gathered around outside the door waiting for a glimpse at the positive as soon as it was ready. I was swelling up with self-appreciation as I waited for the photographs. So the great Gold had admired me! I fairly strutted in my pride, until suddenly, I found myself staring unbelievably at the photographs held before my eyes by the outstretched arm of the proof expert. From the glossy surface of the picture grinned the engaging features of Bob Haynes! Fooled again! What sport Haynes must have had connecting that fake story for my trusting Newton! I could just see him grin as he related that tasty morsel about his respect for me!

If there was a more defected person in the world at that moment, I would have liked to meet him. Mullen came over to me and said, "I know you have some notions about the ethics of this profession, but how long are you going to keep your back to the wall and take punishment?"

To tell the truth I didn't know.

"Well," went on Mullen, "he has one weakness. Give me twenty dollars, and I'll have him on your staff by midnight."

True to his word, Mullen came to my home about eleven o'clock that night with a very docile Haynes in tow. I am now managing editor of a large eastern newspaper, but I never have forgotten that midnight contract by a man so blissfully unconscious that he could hardly keep his signature on a nine by twelve sheet.

The other day, I received a letter from Mullen saying, "This is introducing Max Porter. Max is a devil bender."

I hired Porter on the spot!

Earl Bettencourt, '35.

Continued from page 28

time and in stationery. The slowness in getting started necessitates a great hurry in completing the work.

"For the following reasons I have proven to you that lost movement in typewriting is a handicap to speed and accuracy:

1. Waste of time in getting started takes up the time which should be spent in careful typing.
2. "Horse race" typewriting hampers accuracy and speed.
3. Constant backspacing takes time and affects rhythm.

“The Way My English Goes”

My English is all Greek to me,
No matter how I try.
I get my English papers back,
And away my hopes do fly.

I always stay up late at night,
And burn the midnight oil.
I grind and fuss and do my best,
Oh boy! how I do toil.

I climb in bed real late at night,
Sometimes it's after two.
I don't mind this one bit you see,
I've done all I could do.

The clock to ten fifteen rolls 'round,
You'll find me in my class.
And 'ere the period bell hath rung,
My paper's in at last.

My work then to the marker goes,
To pass her judgment there.
She takes one look across the sheet,
Results I do despair.

The terms ends quickly with a rush,
My marks I wished to see.
“A” was the grade I longed to get,
But my hopes were only “C.”

Walter Machado, '33.

Roster of Class of 1931

Gertrude Almy—Lesley School, Boston, Mass.
Mary Almy—St. Lukes Hospital, New Bedford, Mass.
Edmund Andrews—University of Alabama.
George Axtell—New Bedford Textile.
Mildred Astin—Ned's Gasoline Station, Mattapoisett.
Laura Baker—Married.
Harold Baker—Home.
Ralph Baker—Home.
Richard Belcher—University of New Hampshire.
Donald Bennett—Fuller Brush Company.
David Bosworth—Maine Central Institute.
Frances Brown—Gidley's Jewelry Store.
Robert Browne—Cushing's Academy.
Lillian Bryant—Home.
Anne Burns—Post Graduate (St. Lukes in February).
Adella Burrell—Post Graduate (Boston Normal Art).
Emily Bury—Cherry and Co.
Marion Busby—Pembroke.
Barbara Chadbourne—Boston Normal Art.
Alice Cordes—Steiger Dudgeon & Co.
Agnes Corey—At home.
Margaret Davis—Five and Ten Cent Store.
Albert DeForge—University of Alabama.
Harvey Duxbury—Radio Corporation of America.
Melvin Entin—Maine Central Institute.
Eric Ericson—Bryant and Stratton.
Thomas Foley—Notre Dame.
Marion Forman—St. Lukes Hospital.
Antone Giante—New Bedford Textile.
Susanne Gidley—Springfield Library School.
Margaret Goggin—Home.
Helen Greenhalgh—Post Graduate.
Anthony Guarte—Heald's College of Business Administration, Cal.
Edith Hammett—Post Graduate, F. H. S.
James Hayes—Home.
Raymond Hiller—New Bedford Textile School.
Halbert Hougham—Grinnell, Iowa (to enter Harvard).

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Nelson Howland—Home.
Merritt Huckins—Traveling.
Leona Kelley—Chamberlin School of Everyday Art (Boston).
Grace Knowlton—Boston Normal Art.
Elizabeth Lopes—Boston City Hospital for Nurses.
Deborah McDougal—Home.
Evelyn Milhench—Star Store.
Honora Moffett—Grant's
Veronica Moss—Boston Children's Hospital.
Eleanor Packard—Bridgewater Normal School.
Frances Peckham—Post Graduate Courses at Swain School and F. H. S.
Gladys Peets—Home.
Albert Plant—Home.
John Plezia—Home.
Virginia Pretlow—Business College in Virginia.
Raymond Rioux—Post Graduate.
Evelyn Sequeira—Truesdale Hospital, Fall River, Mass.
Wesley Small—Northeastern.
Raymond Spare—University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.
Eleanor Stone—Boston Children's Hospital.
Dorothy Stowell—Atlas Tack Corporation.
Harry Stubbs—Preparatory Course for College at Silver Bay School,
Lake George, N. Y.
Frank Sylvia—Post Graduate.
Alice Sylvia—St. Lukes.
Frederick Sylvia—New Bedford Textile.
Lester Teixeira—Home.
Alice Vincent—Working in Hyannis.
Harold Weeks—New Jersey Airport.
Irving Wilde—Shell Gasoline Station, New Bedford.
Florence Wilson—Telephone Operator.
Walter Wlodyka—Home.
Sarah Worth—Home.
Oren York—Times.



A gentleman (having observed a window sign marked A. Swindler), ventured inside and said to the proprietor:

"Wouldn't it be better if, instead of the A in your sign, you put your first name in full?"

"No," responded the grocer, blandly, "my first name is Adam!"

♪ ♪ ♪

Professor Wood to class: "We shall now have a test using the honor system. All pupils will sit three seats apart in alternate rows!"

♪ ♪ ♪

Sophomore: "I see you have a new hat on, Mr. Parkinson."

Mr. Parkinson: "Oh, so that's where it is!"

♪ ♪ ♪

"Do you know what the unemployed are doing in New York?" shouted a public speaker.

"Yes," replied a sleepy voice from the rear.

"What?" demanded the speaker, taken back.

"Nothing," was the reply.

♪ ♪ ♪

Mr. Lawton to pupil in exam: "What's the idea of the quotation marks around this phrase?"

Pupil: "Courtesy to the boy on my left, Sir."

♪ ♪ ♪

Mr. S. to son: "What's the meaning of this seventy in German, son?"

P. S. "Why, that's par for the course, Dad."

♪ ♪ ♪

Miss Ph. D.: "I heard you had a three piece orchestra for your dance, last night."

Miss M. S.: "Yes, a piano player, a piano, and a bench!"

♪ ♪ ♪

"When caught stealing in a fish market, be nonchalant.—Smoke a herring."

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Dear Son,

I'm writing this letter on top of a famous Grecian cliff, where the Spartans, hurled to rocks below, their defective sons. Wish you were here.

Dad.

✧ ✧ ✧

Cop: "What do you mean by shooting by here at fifty miles an hour? Let me see your license."

"Here it is, sir," replied the motorist.

"But this is a hunting license!"

"Didn't you say I was shooting along?"

✧ ✧ ✧

Dumb:—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Belle:—"To hail taxies."

✧ ✧ ✧

Teacher:—"Do you remember Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Pupil:—"No, I didn't know he lived there."

✧ ✧ ✧

1st Hobbo:—"Did you know that I belong to the Fire department?"

2nd—Ditto:—"No, how come?"

1st Hobbo:—"Sure, every job I have I get fired."

✧ ✧ ✧

"I've got a job as blacksmith in a candy shop."

"What do you mean?"

"I shoo the flies."

✧ ✧ ✧

FAMOUS HOTEL SIGNS

"All guests who are interested in driving will find hammer and nails in the closet."

"If your room gets too warm, open the window and watch the fire escape."

"Don't worry about paying your bills; this building is supported by a foundation."

"If you're fond of athletics, pick up the mattress and watch the bed spring."

✧ ✧ ✧

Terrified Woman (to hotel manager) "Quick there are two mice fighting in my room."

Manager:—"What do you want for \$1.50—a bull fight?"

Human Vegetables

Poets have always sung the praises of rose gardens as settings for all that is romantic and flowery, but take any well brought-up infant, give him his choice between "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la" and an old-fashioned bouquet of tawny carrots, blushing beets and juicy rare-ripes, and see which his eager hands will clutch.

I was one of the aforementioned, well brought-up little dears. All of my class were. Our parents believed, with apologies to Shredded Wheat, that what you are, depended upon what you ate. Now we believe it, and this belief has greatly vegetized our existence.

As we tread life's highway, we find at every step pedestrians with vegetated tendencies. Let me enumerate them, these human vegetables, that you may laugh and weep with me at their mouldering earthiness.

There is, among our acquaintances, one exasperating individual who delights in spying out the most carefully hidden secret, the most effectively concealed plan. He is a past master in the art of observation, an ever-present spectator in time of secrecy. He has optical illusions of all sorts. He has too many eyes. He is completely and wholly Potato!

Like unto him is the listener; little pitcher, with the big ears. Let there be just a whisper, seemingly barely breathed in the privacy of one's own apartment. Like a blazing comet it will appear when next it dawns upon your horizon, so beautifully will it be adorned, so amazingly will it be be-dicked. Only pray that it is favorably amplified by those human Ears of Corn.

Then comes the clinging vine type, sweetly feminine, dainty little tendrils all ready to coil just as soon as a prop is provided, limp and placid when support is withdrawn, easily broken up—a String Bean person.

Let just one girl spend a week end out of town and bring back a new style haircut. See how fast it will travel through the school. Great travelers, the Peas! Very much alike, too!

Come dark days, come storms! Step forth the ingrowing optimists, the worth-while persons who can smile with everything going out and nothing coming in, who break forth into song instead of crying over spilt milk and never dream that it may ruin the rug before it gets wiped up! Meet these little hunks of stored-up sunshine, the Carrot folks.

Far be it from me to slight the valiant souls, deep rooted and firm, sturdy and strong, whom cool, freezing treatment only sweetens—the plucky Parsnip and the tasty Turnip types.

Fine, too, are the whole-some everyday mortals, too often taken for granted, iron-firm, gritty—long life to the Spinach people!

Our vegetable friends, all hail!

Romance and Roses for yours?

Sunshine and Vegetables for mine!

Charlotte Nye, '35.

A Colorful Event

A clatter of wooden heels, a rush of color, and amidst wild applause, Patauski, the famous Russian dancer made her appearance. Red, yellow and white were the predominating colors of her striking costume. The rippling of her skirt as she swung into the fantastic steps of her native dance produced a picture worthy of painting. Life and rhythm were a part of this Russian Dance. As she dipped and swirled, her small feet shod in white boots scarcely touched the floor. A white hat sat jauntily on black curly hair. Now the crowd cheered lustily as she tried some step in which balance seemed unknown.

Finally the dance was over and Patauski made her exit. The audience clamoured for more! Noise was deafening! Such was the reception for this Russian actress' appearance.

Ellen Jennings, '32.



"Clipper"; Esek Hopkins Jr. High School:—Yours is a very interesting magazine and we wish to congratulate your printing class especially, for their fine piece of work. Why not have an Exchange page?

"The Harpoon"; Dartmouth High School:—"The Harpoon" is the best book we have seen from a school of your size. We would suggest that your Literary and School Notes departments have equally as good headings as your Athletic and Poetry pages.

"Northern Light"; Normandin Jr. High School, New Bedford, Mass. The cover design on your magazine is very attractive and the stories are amusing. We like your Exchange page.

"Brocktonia"; Brockton High School:—We enjoyed reading your magazine immensely and consider it the best that we have reviewed.

"M. H. S. Review"; Medford High School:—The stories in the "Review" represent real talent and are of stirring interest.

"The Rough Rider"; Roosevelt Jr. High, New Bedford, Mass.:—"The Rough Rider" has a very complete literary department and the editorials show much thought and careful preparation.

"The Alpha"; New Bedford High:—We like the arrangement of your magazine and enjoyed reading your literary department. If you could avoid having advertisements on your cover, we believe it would add to its appearance.

A Comparison

High above me in the sky,
Where big, white, fluffy clouds do fly,
There, an eagle once swooped by,
And flew to the mountain very high.

But soon adown he flew again,
On feathery pinions swift as flame,
And in the valley and lowland rude,
Plundered and pillaged for his food.

Just so we humans upwards fly,
To the wonderful things we most desire,
Reach up to glory until we die,
Then drop to earth like a flash of fire.

George Steele, '36.

Milk Shakes — Sundaes

ALBERT W. JARRY

Main Street

Al. Pleases All

The Self Service Shoe Co.

Everything in Gym Sneakers

New Bedford

New Bedford and
Acushnet Cooperative
Banks

41 William Street
New Bedford, Mass.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

12 No. Sixth Street
New Bedford

*Correct Flower Fashions
For All Occasions*

Edna M. Davis, Flower Stylist
Tel. Clifford 5530

The Checkerboard Filling
Station

Proprietors
F. W. Sowle C. L. Sowle

514 Washington Street
East Fairhaven

Bell. Tel. 2693

KING & COMPANY

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Contractors

Electrical Fixtures
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Electro-Vapor Baths and
Swedish Massage

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Bookstore Building
Tel. Cliff. 2910-W

Tel. 4444 — Clothing to Order

OVILA BOUCHER

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New Bedford, Mass.

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Class Dinners and Reunions Given Especial Attention*

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Bread and Pastry*

Cliff. 5692

338 No. Main Street

B. M. Ramsden

W. H. Ramsden

MRS. RAMSDEN'S

Cake Shop

5 Wood St.

Cliff. 8618

STETSON INN

Main Street

Fairhaven, Mass.

OLSON & APPLEBY

Contractors

Tel. Cliff. 5549

Six South Second Street

New Bedford, Mass.

*Building Construction
Alterations and Shingling*

Xavier's Service Station

Middle and Bridge Sts.
Clifford 153

Tydol — Sunoco — Texas
Mobiloil - Gulf - Oar - Pennsoil
Quaker State - Veedol

Exide Batteries - Goodyear
Tires

A. L. BRALEY

Nash Automobile

E. W. GUILFORD

Tailor and Furrier

Cleaning, Pressing and Repair-
ing — Resale Clothing

128 Union St. New Bedford
Upstairs

Socony Service Station

Spring and So. Second

Wm. H. Greaves, Prop.
Harry Richard, Asst.

Tel. Clifford 1097

WALTER H. GAMANS

*Jersey and Guernsey
Raw Milk*

From our own cows

Delivered anywhere in Fairhaven
Tel. Clifford 2473-M

The Kelleher Drug Stores

Trusses
Elastic Knee Cap
Anklets
Abdominal Supporters

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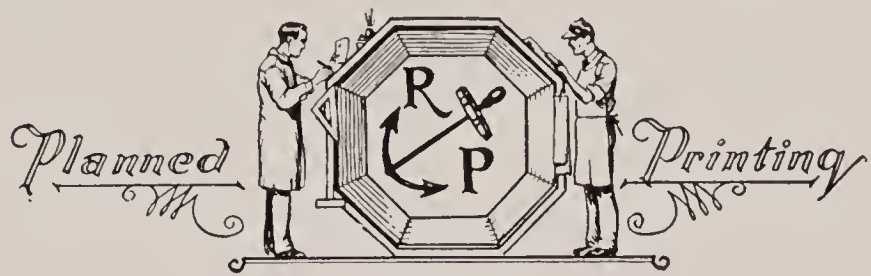
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